Dr. Brutelle
Regards of
Ellis —

PROFESSOR MEIGS'

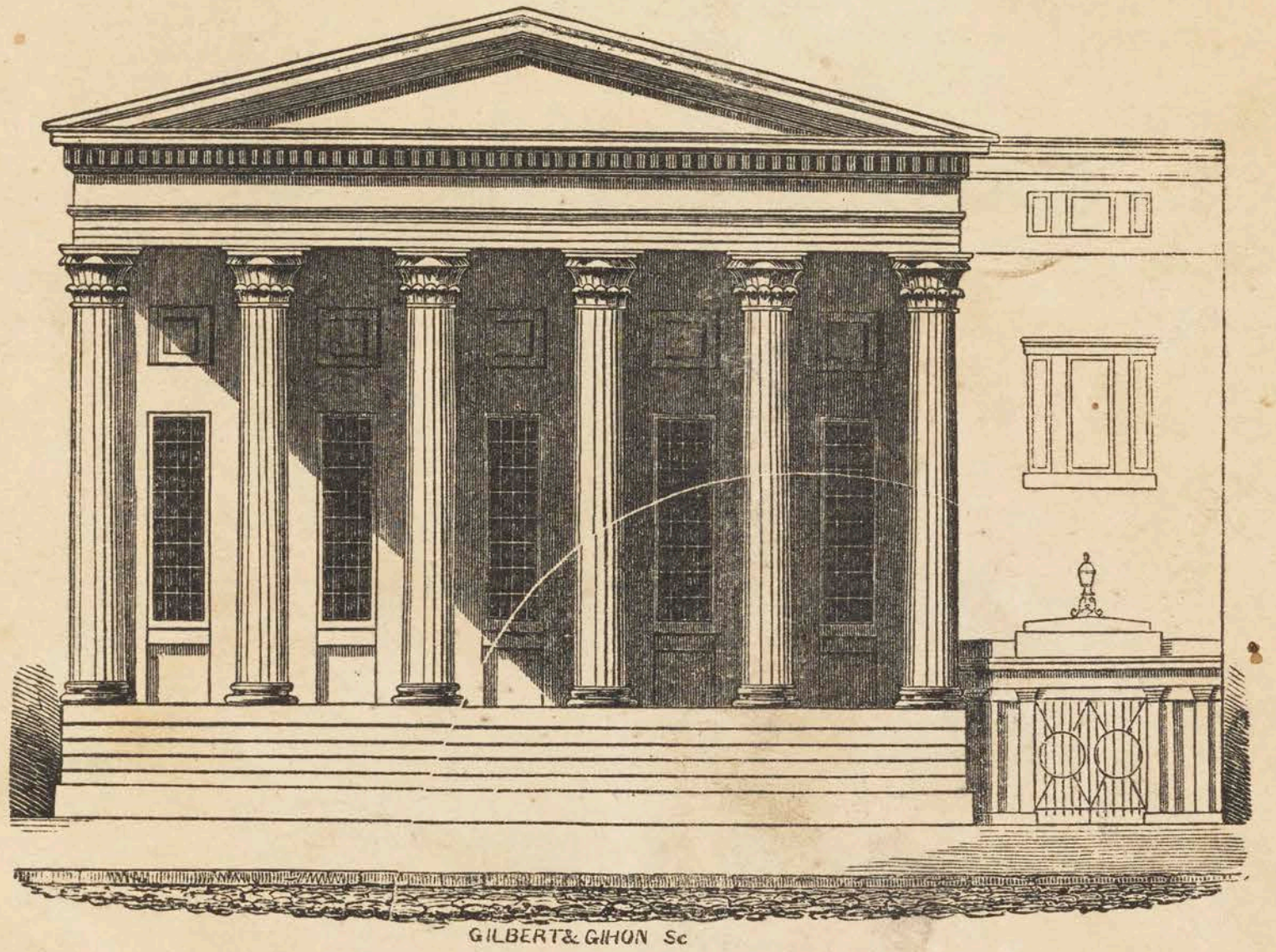
INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

DELIVERED IN

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 18, 1848.



GILBERT & GIHON Sc

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS.

AN

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE,

DELIVERED TO THE CLASS OF

MIDWIFERY

AND DISEASES OF

WOMEN AND CHILDREN,

IN

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE,

OCTOBER 18th, 1848.

BY

CHARLES D. MEIGS, M.D.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS.

PHILADELPHIA:

C. SHERMAN, PRINTER.

1848.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE, November 5th, 1848.

PROFESSOR MEIGS,

Dear Sir,--The Members of your Class being desirous of procuring your Introductory, delivered on the 18th of October, have appointed the undersigned a Committee of that body to respectfully solicit a copy of the same for publication.

Very truly yours,

J. W. DREWRY, Ga., President.
L. BRANDT, Va., Secretary.
JOSEPH W. ELLIS, Maine.
JOHN T. PAGE, N. H.
JOHN N. MURDOCK, Mass.
ANDREW K. SMITH, Conn.
WILLIAM S. BRONSON, N. Y.
WILLIAM L. CHALLISS, N. J.
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DURANT H. ALBRIGHT, N. C.
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WILLIAM L. MENEFEE, Ark.
MEREDITH G. WARD, Tenn.
G. G. SLAUGHTER, Ky.
AURELIUS H. AGARD, Ohio.
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EDWARD C. ELLET, Ill.
E. C. CARRINGTON, Wis.
G. W. GRANT, U. S. N.
R. SUTHERLAND, Nova Scotia.
T. S. CROWLY, Cork, Ireland.
CHARLES A. CAROLAND, N. B.

Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 6th, 1848.

Gentlemen,--I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your note dated 5th inst., requesting, on the part of the Members of my Class, a copy of my Lecture for publication.

I take great pleasure in receiving this mark of the kindness of my Class, and readily place the copy at their disposal.

I pray you to accept the assurances of my respectful regards, and to believe that I am your most obliged servant,

CHARLES D. MEIGS.

To Messrs. J. W. DREWRY, President,
L. BRANDT, Secretary,
I. L. ADKINS,
A. HARDCASTLE,
P. S. CROOM, &c. &c.
Committee.

INTRODUCTORY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL CLASS:—

I am happy to meet you again, after so long a separation.

I venture to hope that our future intercourse, and our relation to each other as teacher and students, may prove not less pleasing to *me* than they have hitherto been; and, that being advantageous to *you*, I may again find occasion to respect you for your progress, as well as thank you for your civility and even kindness to me.

I hereby engage to exert all my faculty to promote your advancement in learning,—relating and explaining the various themes which it is my duty to present to you, and treat of before you this winter, carefully endeavouring to strip my subjects of all useless complication and mystery, so that I may make everything plain and intelligible to every member of the class, even the weakest one in it; always remembering that my office here has been instituted with one chief design, which is, that the professor of this department may teach the student the way to be really useful to those that require his counsel or skill in this line of professional pursuits, for that is what the *public* want, and it is what *you* want. This object I intend to pursue conscientiously all winter long.

I have an interesting, curious, and difficult subject.

I have reproduction to treat of, and all the diseases of the sex, as well as those of young children.

Here, you see, is a wide range. Here is an immense business transaction. But you must learn to transact it. It will make you rich men and respected men, if you learn it aright. I advise you to give it a proper share of your time and thought.

It is difficult to teach, and there are not a great many who can teach it well. I am one of those who cannot, but I am one of those who will try. Do you try.

My department is difficult, for it is duplex. It comprises both a science and an art.

The science of Obstetricy and the art of Midwifery. Nobody can exercise the art *well*, who has not learned the science. I should think a man might be able to construct a good telescope, or a transit instrument, who should not be capable to calculate the elements of a comet, or determine the place of an unknown but disturbing star.

Not so in our affairs. To be accomplished in the art of Midwifery, we must be learned in Obstetricy, for in Obstetricy is contained the whole theory of the dynamics of labour.

You hear me speak of a science and of an art, and you may ask me by what pretence I call Obstetricy a science, and whether a thing so little subject to a classification or natural order, is worthy to be called a science.

I reply that, though it might puzzle me to determine where in a scientific arrangement to place a retroversio uteri, or to show the relation in any natural order or connexion betwixt a laceration of the womb and the doctrines of conception, yet I do find a sort of natural order in our science, for I observe that I cannot learn it at all unless I learn its osteology and its anatomy, which is one class, exhibiting two genera,—one, the bony parts, and the other the soft parts. I could even make more genera if I chose to do so.

Well then, say I have a genus in the class Anatomy, which I denominate Osteology,—I have several species, os pubis, right and left, ischium, ilium, sacrum, &c. So of the other genus of soft parts, I have the species uterus, tubes, ovaries, ligaments, &c. &c. So you see I can construct a science out of our Obstetricy, and arrange it like a merchant's ledger,—so artfully, and so naturally, that by referring to the index, I can open the account for the item at page and column. That is science—science is classification.

The *art* is a small matter; it is the letter. But the science is the word—"The letter killeth, but the word maketh alive."

Upon taking leave of you last spring, you may remember I said that, one of the most agreeable anticipations I could enjoy during the suspension of our intercourse, would consist in the prospect of this meeting, and the resumption of our studies together.

In saying so, I spoke what was strictly and exactly true—for I have no affairs left in this world, so delightful to me as those of my Professorship. Nor can I now hope for any honour or distinction more elevated than that of a public instructor in our liberal profession of medicine. Nor do I desire any other.

I am a man who have been devoted since 1809, (nigh forty years,) to medical pursuits with a zeal that might almost be called passionate; but disgusted, at last, with the every-day routine of it, satiated with its clinical results, and wearied of its sleepless nights and exhausting days, I find here something fresh; something, in spite of Solomon, new under the sun; new faces,—new aspirations after knowledge and excellence,—new hopes of usefulness and distinction;—a renewed crowd of American students, countrymen of mine own, from Texas and Tennessee, Massachusetts and Maryland, New Hampshire and Louisiana,—from old Virginia the mother of states, and solid, old, steady Pennsylvania, one brotherhood of fellow-countrymen coming together from out of the different nations that are bound up within the loving, infolding bands of the American Constitution, all baptized with the name of Republican, and stamped with the mark and the sign of this great branch of the Saxon blood—to wit, an invincible energy and progression and masterfulness above those of all other races of men.

I should think, gentlemen, that a man must have a heart made of a nether millstone that would not soften at such a spectacle. For in it is comprised the idea of those motives that have brought you to us and us to you this night; so that, we be now standing here together for a great and meritorious purpose and object.

The world in which we live has grown very selfish, they say, and indifferent to everything that does not put more money in

the purse, which is the grandest maxim of the utilitarian, and which is by some supposed to be the only real good thing in this life,—but I have a better opinion of the world than this. The world has too much common sense,—which is the world's sense,—not to perceive that it is advantaged whenever a great body of the youthful part of it come together with a resolution to improve their knowledge and their morals,—to elevate themselves in power to dispense benefits, not only in the exercise of a useful and indispensable art, but by example such as can only be set by gentlemen. A gentleman is in the world like a light-house on a troubled, stormy coast; everybody looks at it, and everybody knows that to be guided by its light is to go safely in the right channel that conducts to the haven.

What purposes? what objects? what is it that has caused this meeting, upon this spot of earth?

Before we reply to these questions, let us reflect a little upon circumstances that have before transpired here—in this very spot! Let us do this in order to get a strong light upon a great truth.

It is scarcely more than one hundred and fifty years ago—and the men that saw it are but just lately dead—that the spot upon which we stand was a dark primeval forest, the haunt of the moose, the deer, the wolf, and the fox.

Here the Lenni Lenape man crept with bow and hunting-spear nearer and nearer to the wild beast, whose spoils constituted his wealth, and satisfied his imperious necessities.

The Man had a soul that was filled, as Milton says, with "vain imaginations, phantasms, and dreams, distempered discontented thoughts, vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires." He was sunk in gross ignorance and vice, and the darkness of night was spread over his lot, and that of his race.

Some human sympathies had he, mayhap, at the sight of his wife or his newborn child; and some sensual pleasure, in the curling incense of his tobacco smoke, as it wrapped his senses in its anæsthetic cloud. But a dark fiery passion *ruled* his life, and war and revenge were his *ideal*. The scalp-pole, with the gory emblems of his strength and courage, or the bloody corpse of his enemy, lying stark and silent, cold and gashed before

him, procured for the Man emotions the most to be hoped for in his then present evil world. Such was the Philadelphian.

But now, in this short space that we are thinking of, the bloody and cruel red man is clean gone out of our sight, and his record can scarce be found—the bramble and the thorn, the brake and the tangled thicket, and the thousand-year-old oak, have given place to streets of palaces, the homes of a luxurious and refined civilization. The wild beast of the forest is no longer seen in his ancient lair, where the caparisoned horse bends his pliant willing neck to the rein; and the surly bear, and grim ferocious wolf, no longer gnash their teeth in paths where our little children pursue their toys in security. The lodge of the Indian is gone, and the marble hall is in its place. No more doth the scalp-pole lift its mournful trophy in the air, where the banner of the Republic throws out its stars and stripes to the winds that love to leap to the embrace of that beautiful and glorious emblem of our enlightened *liberty* and union, in which lie our strength and our happiness.

Now is not this a marvellous change, to be effected too, in so short a time! What was the necromancy that wrought it?

Man was here then.

Man is here now.

What makes the difference—if we be in truth, all alike sons of the common Adam, father of men?

What is it that hath swept away, as by a stroke of Merlin's wand, forest, and lodge, and wild beast, and wilder man, and planted in their stead a great and flourishing city, with its 380,000 Christian souls of its population,—abiding here in security and tranquillity, under wholesome and equal laws, the exponents of a true morality, and the guardians of it.

We are here in the midst of plenty; we are surrounded with all the consolations of civilization. We have abundant markets; vast stores of corn, wine, and oil; streets cleansed, lighted and graded, and guarded; places of worship, magnificent libraries; public walks, and gardens and squares; hospitals and alms-houses for the sick and the wounded, the deaf and the blind, and the lame and the poor. Benevolent institutions rising up every day, and emulous to do whatever is possible for the

amelioration of those who are ignorant, or vicious, or unfortunate; schools opened for all the children of the people, without fee or price; and to all this catalogue of good things here enjoyed—a confident belief that the same advantages are to be kept in store for our children, and our children's children, for generations that are as yet unborn.

Here are gathered together the innumerable gifts of commerce; whatsoever the arts have produced of useful or agreeable, are here placed within the reach of those who desire them for use or for pleasure.

Now what is it that hath wrought this great and miraculous change?

All this is the work of the Scholar; for it is he who has led his fellow-man out of the grossness and ignorance and depravity of his natural state—that has taught him arts and letters, and converted him, from being a savage, into the more elevated condition of the Christian and gentleman. It is the Scholar that has broken asunder the manacles of the woman, and freed her and disenthralled her, from being the bond slave of the man, his beast of burthen and the mother of his child, to take her station as his co-equal companion. The Scholar is man's Teacher and Guide. He it is who struck the scales from his eyes, and opened his deaf ears, and unsealed his closed senses, and called upon him with his voice, and showed him by his example, the way in which he should walk; invited him to spurn the degradation and bondage of ignorance and depravity, and to come up and be partaker with him of knowledge, which is freedom, and of virtue, which is happiness.

It is the Scholar who hath done all this, and none else could have done it.

Man sat here, in this Eden, like Satan in Paradise, "squat, like a toad"—not in his own shape, but changed, deformed and depressed—full of evil.

It seems but yesterday that the angels Ithuriel and Zephon found him here, and "with the spear touched lightly,"

> "The fiend looked up, and knew
> His mounted scale aloft; nor more, but fled
> Murmuring—and with him fled the shades of night."

Penn and Logan, the Scholars, were our Ithuriel and Zephon, and the beaming spear of celestial temper—it was tipped with the light of scholarship.

Ages of unknown duration had lapsed over this favoured spot and the man—the earth was a wilderness, and the man remained unchanged!

But truth and fair science came, and lo! morals—security—liberty—happiness dwell together; and the man—the child of Adam, is still here—but he is the Christian man, lifted upwards towards an assimilation with the nature of Him in whose image he was made, and in whom he consists, and moves, and lives, and has his being.

Is not this a true representation? Have I shown you a great truth in a strong light?

Why Christianity is Scholarship. Law is Scholarship. Virtue is Scholarship. Decency and self-respect, decorum, letters, arts, sciences, wisdom; all that gives a man just claim to be called by the honourable name of gentleman—these are Scholarship.

I asked you a little while ago a question.

What is it, said I, that has brought you and I together this evening? we who have been separated by so many weary leagues before?

Is it not a love of letters—of learning—an earnest wish to take a higher rank in the Scholar class of our common country; a desire, as you have but recently come out of the condition of the pupil into the more advanced grade of the Student—(an honourable promotion)—to pass through the rank of the student into the last rank a man can attain, which is that of the Scholar?

You have taken much pains, and shown a worthy zeal, to have come up thus high. But you should carefully reflect upon the necessity there is, and the propriety of so passing your studentship as to give you no doubt, nor the least misgiving, as to your future admission to the highest places. There are men, grown-up men, who never attain beyond the pupil stage; they require to be led and upheld and guided in all things as

long as they live, never becoming truly independent and self-poised. There are others who advance, with a firm and steady step, to the grade of the student class—which is a more advanced, independent, self-guiding and elevated stage of existence; but of these many stop here—and never march one pace beyond. How many doctors of this sort could one count!

If you make no progress beyond the pupil age—or stop midway in the studentship—how can it be that you shall ask *me* to certify, *upon honour*, that you have reached the Scholar class of the land, and have become fit to take rank among them. They will hiss at me, and deny that I have either knowledge or honesty. Now though, as I said, I am commanded to teach you how to be useful, I am, in order to do so, to induct you into a scholarship—for medicine is a liberal pursuit.

I wish, and the earnest desire of my heart is, that you may all, without exception, take courage, and be firmly resolved not to stop here, short of your Vocation, but press on, through all difficulties and obstructions, to the true vocation—of the physician. The physician should be not a gentleman only—but a gentleman and a scholar.

An ignorant physician—I abhor him!

But now, if you be actuated by such noble and ennobling sentiments and motives, how should it be with them that are appointed to teach you, not only the elements, the very rudiments, but the full expanded whole of the vast, comprehensive sciences of medicine.

> Nam tibi de summa cœli ratione deumque
> Disserere incipiam; et rerum primordia pandam,
> Unde omnes natura creet res; auctet alatque.

In view of this responsibility, both to you and to society, nay to the age in which we live, and to posterity, I would I were the most upright, the most learned, wise and eloquent of men.

I would that I were possessed of eloquence, not to *convince* you only, but to PERSUADE you that there can not be any higher nor more ennobling pursuit than that of letters.

How gladly would I endeavour to impress upon your minds

some quickening sense of the beauty and beneficence of learning; its power to secure your happiness, and that of others, and show you

> "How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not cold and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns."

You are Students now; you are no longer Pupils—you ought by this time, to know that among every nation, there will be classes and ranks of the people—divisions, guilds, into which they inevitably fall by the nature of their propensities and inclinations, and by the force of their INTELLECT, as *weaker* or STRONGER, for it is not the *corporeal* man that *is* man—but his animating spirit.

Young men, after the completion of the student's stage of life, if they be wise—will consider, then, to what class or order of society they will attach themselves—they will ascertain their Vocation and their place of service.

This you have already in part done—and you have, as you erroneously suppose, taken your stand in the Medical Class. You have made a great mistake. You should have aimed to join yourselves to the Scholar Class, and come here with resolve firm and high to acquire indisputable claims to that great honour.

I say you have made a grave mistake—for there is no medical class in America, or elsewhere, save in Prussia.

Correct your error, then, and bend the whole force of your youth and health and intellection to the higher aim of co-operating with those who give "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure,"—those who by their knowledge and wisdom GOVERN the people of the United States, and stand as the firm pillars to support the Constitution and laws of the land. But not only this—rule the nation—not as Congressmen, nor legislators and judges, but as showing in their lives, example, tastes, and conversation, an entire spirit, what it is that is good for man to do and to be. Those who regulate the conventions of the social compact, framing its manners, dicta-

ting politeness, compelling *bienséance*, and in short, all that is agreeable, refined, and secure, in the state of things denominated manners.

Now these are things far beyond the reach of the lawgiver, who cannot even imagine, much more frame or enact them, nor the grand inquest inquire into them, nor any bench or jury acquit or condemn upon them.

Hence, the law is the essential result of the power of the scholar, as being the exponent at once and the ægis of Morals; yet the power of the Scholar class is greater than the law's power, as reaching farther and penetrating deeper into the very nature and bounds of the social state—testing and proving, and improving the very desires and intents of the thoughts of the hearts of the people.

Will you not join the Scholar class? That ought to be your Vocation.

Just now I remarked that you aim too low to join what you suppose to be the medical class, and you were, perhaps, shocked to hear me say there is no such class in this country. But I believe you will coincide with me in this opinion, if you should reflect a little upon the state of Medicine here, how degraded it is and how loud are the complaints of the physicians as to its lowness.

A late professor of a celebrated medical school in the West—the late Dr. Samuel Brown—was so convinced of this fall, that he desired to recover the gentleman's title of Mr. Samuel Brown, and dropped his M. D. always in travelling.

The class of persons exercising medical callings in the United States is composed of some 30,000 physicians, more or less, truly possessing claims to be considered as belonging to that cultivated corps of men. They do not perform probably even a major part of the sanatary service of the public. The excess of it being executed by a variety, not a class, of persons, who, while they style themselves doctors, are really not members of the Scholar vocation, and of course not physicians. They are interlopers into our guild—showing claims to the confidence of the nation as belonging to the elevated Scholar Class—whereas they, in truth, belong to a variety of trades and

occupations, from which they have fled or been expelled, as being too respectable for their real nature and qualities, too honest for their purposes, and too slow in gratifying their craving spirit of gain, or their intempestive aspirations for dignity and power—a dignity which they but discredit, and a power that they enfeeble, as possessing neither probity nor information, fitting them to wear the one or wield the other.

These people—a large per-centage of the Medical Class—then, give sanatary aid, and by society are planted jowl by cheek, in our rank. They are both saluted Imperator by the Legions—Trajan and Vitellius!

This is not the fault of the public, nor have the physicians any just right to rail at mankind, as insulting us by preferring an ignoble pretender in the very face of men proffering undeniable evidence of their right to respect and confidence.

Mankind cannot judge betwixt a physician and a quack doctor; and their incompetency in this regard arises from this,—that the studies and acts of the physician are those of the highest sections of the Scholar Class. The intellectual range is so high, that society cannot come up to the standard of judgment about it. For, what should society in general know, or even suspect, of the profoundness of those contemplations by which alone a man may arrive at a clear view of the nature and play of the biotic forces!

Society judges of us by our dress and address—by our offers or pretensions. We make none, save in our conduct and life—they make bold and rash assertions, that please, even some of the most intellectual people.

Society is deceived. It deceives itself by its confidence in Medicine—and it takes the quack and his nostrum together because, knowing that you and I are really physicians, it believes all them that give medicine are so likewise. It pays us the highest compliment, though it disquiets us and injures itself.

Instead of abusing my friends for preferring a quack to me, I only feel sorry for their ignorance, or laugh in my sleeve for their simplicity and gullibility,—the more particularly when they boast to me of the very positive effects produced upon them by decillionths and packings. I should be unreasonable to

expect them to understand the rival claims of what they deem to be two sects of physicians. How should my friends know what Medicine is really, and what its platform of operations? I will tell you what Physic is. It is to know Anatomy, and all Comparative Anatomy, Chemistry, and that most occult science, Organic Chemistry, Natural History in its classes, orders, genera and species; Geography,—Topography,—Dynamics,—all Physics, and Physiology,—History,—the state of man in all ages and nations as modifiable by laws and customs, climate and language,—his arts, his literature, his sciences.

For after all, to be a physician is to know the *life* of man, and the means of its conservation and corroboration, and he, whoever he be, whether statesman, military chief, divine, lawyer, artisan, shepherd or doctor, who has this excellence and this power, is a physician indeed. Too many of us, alas! fall far short of the goal at which we aim. Let us nevertheless point our arrows high! Let us answer the appeals of humanity calling upon us to preserve them from pain, to free them from fear, and deliver them, if possible, from the peril of an imminent death. How shall we compass this, unless we make advances in wisdom and in virtue! Since he alone who is really wise rises higher in power, in goodness and in happiness,—yea, "in super imbres," above the power of fortune or of change, contemning both,—ever soaring and rising higher and higher, like our monarch bird, who burns to wave the daring wing in the flood of the bright effluence of that bright Essence that is increate. He knows his heaven-descended birth, and ever and only aims to reach his home pure and undefiled of the dross of a mortal state. Such is the man the people want.—Is this your aim?

Such should be your aim.

You belong, all of you, to a Christian society and nation. You have studied the Scriptures, and have heard from the pulpit since the early dawn of your intelligence, the great doctrine promulged of the unity of God as *all* in all. You have accepted this doctrine.

It is not to the revealed dogmas of our religion that we are solely indebted for this great and important knowledge.

A natural religion teaches us the nature and attributes of our Creator:—"For the *invisible* things of *Him*, from the *creation* are clearly *seen*, being understood by the things that are *made* —even his Eternal Power and Godhead."

Now this declaration of St. Paul accords with the results obtained by Plato, whose views are contained in his Timæus, and also in the Phædo. M. Condillac gives a beautiful exposition of the rational means of arriving at the same conclusion, and in the language of the poet, you may say:—

> "Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> *Sees* God in clouds, and *hears* Him in the wind;
> He who fair Science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walk, or milky way,"

he arrives at the same inevitable conclusion.

Well;—I pray you grant me your attention *now*. You have also heard the words:—

He spake, and it was done!

He commanded, and it stood fast!

Now weigh these words, and you will find them to express the profound and vast truth that is contained not in religion only, but in the most reasonable philosophy,—that of the divine idea of the creation, as it exists, as it has existed, and as it shall be in all futurity.

They teach the doctrine, that before the world was, before the words were spoken, there existed a spiritual world, an Ideal world, which has become the actual.

But, as the world consists of an infinite variety of forms and forces, and sentiments and aspirations—for this world is both physical and psychical, both material and spiritual,—it follows that each one of us existed—as did all men,—in the Divine Idea, before "the stars sang together, or ever the sons of God shouted for joy" at the completion of the great creation.

This is the doctrine of the Scriptures—this is the theme of the Timæus—this is the teaching of Fichte,—and it addresses itself with a quickening force to every ingenuous mind. Quickening! did I say? It is imperative,—it impels a man to look to that

he *is*, to that he *has* been, and that which he *shall* be;—yea, a far higher power resides in it, for it points a man to that which he *might* become. There is an ideal might be, as well as an ideal shall be.

Doubtless, there is a moral destiny for each one of us here present to-night—and it is equally sure that that destiny will be relative to our own voluntary force and determination—our strong, prepotent, Freewilling force. If so, then there is a divine idea, not only of what we shall be—but also of what we might be. What shall *you* be, sir—or *you*—or *you*—or *I*?

What might you become, sir, or what this other gentleman? What *might* be, *might* be: SHALL it be?

You may become a Scholar, or you may become a mere member of the so-called Class of American Physicians!

If you become truly a Scholar, a Scholar in its full sense and import, you will be happy and virtuous, because you will be beneficent, and powerfully beneficent. You will co-operate with all good men in raising your fellow-creatures higher in morals, and securer in happiness, as did Penn and Logan, our Ithuriel and Zephon.

If you merely become a member of the class of physicians, what help will you be to us? To what segment of that heterogeneous mass will you belong? Will you become a Benjamin Rush? will you repeat the good life of Caspar Wistar? or will you give to society again the now dead form in morals and intelligence of Philip Syng Physick? Will you do this?—it is well!

Will you become a physician in the sense of the homœopath, or the hydropath—a root doctor—a vender of syrup, plaster, or pill? Oh rare elevation of soul! Will you *get up* a *great medicine*, as the Pottowattomie calls it? one fit to cure corns, and make dead men come out of their graves again, not send them there? or will you glorify yourself and us, upon the basis of an ointment that shall reduce lupus, cancer, piles, and itch, under a common-law force, whose operation shall be to put money in the purse of the inventor? *Which* class will you join?

What will you do?

Will you do that which you shall do—or that which you might do? Is there not an Ideal Shall be, and an Ideal Might be?

Think, young man, of that *might be*. Look with me at the glorious vision that seems to rise up here before my expanded sense. I see a student, in whose strong will is planted like an anchor, the inexpugnable resolve to excel. I see his moral image dilating and expanding, as if to fill a world—his eye, bent on truth, leads him forth in the track of time, and he goes like a meteor guiding his race, and lighting them on the way—a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night,—and I see his vast illumination, streaming over the astonished earth, and all men's eyes turned upon him with veneration and awe through generations unborn!

Is this enthusiasm—is this extravagance?

No! a thousand times no—if I but name the name of Homer, of Solon, of Zeuxis, of Praxiteles, of Phidias, of Socrates, of Tully, of Virgil—or Galen's name, or Petrarch's name, or Haller's, or Newton's, or Arkwright, or Watt, or Franklin!

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis!

Shall I pronouce the word Copernicus, or enumerate the stellar points of the whole galaxy?

Their name is written on every progress, and upon all the happiness of civilized man—and the hopes of the barbarian.

Is not this noble idea of the unity and universality of God, in both Scripture and philosophy, a powerful argument to convince you of the necessity there is for a man to choose what he shall be!

Now choose your vocation—will you become Scholars, or will you be mere Doctors?

I would you might choose aright, and that you might in so doing, remove from you every vile motive; that every man would select his future, and determine it out of a high act of pure reason, and not under the selfish provokements of a lust for gain, distinction or power, other than the power to do

good. A true scholar loves wisdom for its own sake. He deems truly that wisdom is virtue. Only the fool is wicked.

Do you know you are called upon to co-operate with your race in attaining a higher perfection? That you are become missionaries, evangelists, or messengers sent from God to alleviate, counteract, or console some of the evils that are inseparable from the state of man? You are then set *apart* from a common to a noble use.

Who planted the sleep-giving poppy in the garden of the world? Who raised the tall and graceful cinchonas on the slopes of the Cordilleras? Who lifts up and supports and draws out the gracile bending stem of the one, or upholds the rigid trunk of the other? Who constructed the capsule and unfolded the tender blossom, and commanded the sanative or the pain-compelling juices to stream through the tubes and gather themselves together for the weary, sleepless, hopeless sons of the children of men? Was this an accident? or was it out of design, a remedy? Or are medicines appointed by the Author of the world, and you the ministers to employ and guide them? And did the *idea* of it exist before the root was buried in the ground? And you, young gentlemen, were you there too? Did that eye see you then as you sit before me now? Did He ordain the tympan and the semicircular canal that now hears my voice calling upon you, and appealing in vehement words, and a strong desire that you should become indeed the missionary physician you were designed to be? Fulfil the precosmic idea of your nature and creation. Flee from every temptation that might draw you aside from the appointed possible track, and learn to know and to feel how honourable a thing it is to be a physician in deed and in truth—a messenger sent from above to earth, and by an absolute command ordained to the high vocation of the Scholar, and to the elevated ministry of the Iatrist.

I say it again—you are to co-operate with society in rendering it securer and happier.

Men's own misfortunes and those of their country depend on the want of this needful co-operation by the more elevated

classes of society, in which arises the fountain of manners and morals, and security for any nation. If that source become defiled, what shall be the stream? It spreads poison and death like an Acherontian river, wherever its foul waters overflow or stagnate. It springs from a divinity, but like the son of Ceres sinks down to hell.

In the present aspect of the political world—and fearfully in our land, there is an appeal to all good men and true to grant this co-operation in speech and in action—which is example. There is no man, however humble, who does not exert power by example.

Our country is weak, save only in the strength of public morals. That strength is invincible, while public morals are sound and wholesome; but when they decline, the law becomes a word—a figment of the brain, and its strength is that of the rope of sand. After which comes the dire dominion of the musket and the gun. Then all is night for us and ours. You have a future.

You have interests that are personal.

Your highest interests are those of your country—what do you become if your country is ruined or enslaved?

You have a duty to society; it is that of placing yourself fitly in its Scholar Class.

And you have another duty—to choose an especial vocation.

I shall aid you as far as in me lies to obtain a knowledge of that especial ministry. Common use, and common sense, command your zeal in this education. But, when I look on your young, strong, ruddy countenances, redolent of vigour and duration, I dare believe that you design to be more than physicians—for your interest, and judgment, and conscience, point you to the Scholar Class of the land. Lastly, you have a great and solemn duty to perform.

It is to lend your strength of youth and manhood to co-operation.

What co-operation?

To co-operate, not with your guild only, but with your Scholar Class.

You have heard that the members of your profession have lately aroused themselves from a long torpor, and have resolved to improve their condition by compelling all the members of it to act according to the dictates of a true self-respect, by improving themselves in knowledge and virtue. The American Medical Association will, if properly sustained and conducted, cut trenchantly asunder all that vile mass, that, like a surgical imposthume, corrupts and defiles our whole body. Lend your strength, then, to the promotion of its just and reasonable aims. Co-operate with it in shunning every temptation to act unlike a physician.

Organize—organize yourselves into societies, and send your representatives to the great annual convention of the medical body of the republic.

I trust it will not be long ere the leaders of that body may see the propriety of taking into its pale every meritorious American physician, while it shall spurn from its doors all evil-doers and all dishonourable men.

I would that the American people could know a man's pretensions to their confidence by ascertaining that he is, or is not a member of the American Medical Association. Then it might become proper again for you to go up to the colleges and universities with the single design to join the United States Medical Class. Until that shall be the case I repeat that I hope you will aim to belong to its Scholar Class.